

Oh, the sun shines bright and bonny  
O'er the budding fields of Spring!  
Woeful, with his glances fervent,  
Every tender, springing thing,  
Blade of grass and bud of leaflet,  
Plumy fern, and shining thorn,  
Swell and throb, with life pulsating  
Neath the springtime's glowing morn.  
And the gladome earth laughs loud with mirth  
For the joy in her veins that's flowing,  
And my heart grows light with a strange delight  
At the sight of the green things growing.

Oh, the brooklet ripples gayly  
Mid the mosses on its edge!  
Murmuring love-words softly, sweetly  
To the palpitating ledge,  
Sunshine, moisture, dewa down-dripping,  
Calms of heat and storms of rain,  
Loose the dead earth's shrouding cements,  
Call her soul to life again,  
And the glad earth high to the sunlit sky  
Sends her incense upward flowing;  
And my heart grows light with the dear delight  
Of the smell of the green things growing.

Oh, the sounds of Spring are bonny!  
Trills the robin, pipes the thrush;  
And the turtle's tender cooing  
Far off fills the dreamy hush.  
Hum of bee and drone of insect,  
Peep of birdling, song of bird,  
Through the throbbing fall of sunshine  
In the springtime's morn are dead.  
And the blithe birds sing on their glancing wing,  
While the sun in the sky is glowing—  
For they glad unite in my heart's delight  
In the joy of the green things growing.

## LOVE AND A KITE.

"My dear, what are the probabilities?"  
"Rising temperature, with rain on the coast."

"Oh, I am sorry! It would be truly dreadful to have it rain to-morrow."

Then they paused and looked out through the half-ruined window of the old wooden bridge where they had met. She lived on one side of the stream. He made his home on the other. They often met here in the center of the dim dusky bridge that spanned the river that ran through the town. It was one of those huge-timbered, truss bridges once so common in New England. Outside, its ancient roof and boarded sides had taken on that sober slate color that marks extreme old age. Within, it was dusty and dark. Upon the walls, flakes of whitewash flattered, half detached, and festoons of cobweb mingled with abandoned nests left by departed swallows. Strange lights danced on the ceiling, where a hole in the floor admitted the reflected light from the flashing waters below. Every footfall on the soft, powdery dust that covered everything, echoed noisily, while the air seemed ever full of the monotonous murmur of the river. Just beyond, further down the stream, stood another bridge used by the railway trains and foot-passengers, so that the town bridge was deserted by all save those with teams. Besides this, it was hardly considered safe. Its trusses already sagged down in the middle and threatened to drop into the water.

For a while they gazed upon the roaring, foaming flood beneath them, and then she took his arm, and looking up in his face, said, softly:

"You will come early, dear. I shall be waiting for you."

"Oh, of course, if the bridge holds together. It is a crazy affair, and we may have a fresher to-night."

"There's the other bridge."

"Yes, but if one goes the other may."

Then after some further talk, they departed their several ways.

The probabilities were correct. It did rain. It rained a very great deal. It rained more and more, and the snow that covered all the country round about began to melt. The river rose higher and higher. It turned yellow with drifting sand. Lumps and sheets of ice began to float down, with much grinding and uproar. By dark the water was within ten inches of high flood mark. By nine o'clock it was reported that an ice gorge had formed just above the town bridge.

The next day neither scrap or stick of either bridge could be found. At daylight the people gathered in two forlorn crowds upon the banks, and remarked that the situation was peculiar. Among them stood a young man and a young woman, one on each shore, while the river rolled between. Their situation was very peculiar. They gazed at each other over the boiling, roaring chasm, but they said nothing. It would have been useless while the water, half-covered with floating ice and broken timbers, boomed and thundered with such noise and fury.

The modern Hero thought her Leander might at least swim to her. He thought differently. A boat? A balloon would be safer. Thus thinking and mourning, they gazed fondly at each other for some time, and then by apparent mutual consent they retired to their respective breakfasts, to eat—and mourn. Every bridge for fifty miles up stream was reported down. Below, some twenty miles distant, were ferries—where there was no ice.

She ate her breakfast with teary eyes. He couldn't eat at all. He must cross that stream. How! Not all the delights of buckwheat cakes could win him from the thought. Trusting a roll in to his pocket, he went out to view the situation.

It was not encouraging. For more than two miles above and below the town the river ran between steep cliffs nearly seventy feet high. Behind these the country was level, and here on the banks the town had grown up on both shores. Above the distant village the field came to the ragged, stony edge of the bluffs. His home was upon his father's farm and the paternal acres came to the waterside. Her father's farm and fields were directly opposite. Hither, by a sort of mutual instinct, they both went.

The snow had disappeared, and the ground was hard and frozen. The rain

# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME V.

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NUMBER 26.

had ceased and it looked as if it might clear away. They met on opposite sides of the river, and gazed fondly at each other after the manner of people in a certain peculiar frame of mind. She said in her heart: "Thou art so near, and yet so far." He said in his heart that if he couldn't get over that three hundred feet of roaring water he was a poor kind of a creature and "not much of a man, anyway."

He sat down on a big stone to think. She also sat down, choosing a rail fence for a throne. Suddenly he sprang up and shouted at her. She raised her hand to her ear to signify that she did not understand.

He quickly tore a board from a fence near by, and with a piece of chalk that happily he found in his pocket he wrote thereon these remarkable words:

"Wait for me."

She nodded her head and then wrapped her cloak closer around her, to signify that she would wait a hundred years if he would come to her. A moment after he burst in upon his venerable mother and nearly bereft her of the few senses a kind Providence had left her by asking for a pot of paste.

"It is postponed!"

"No, mother; it's to-day. Now do hurry up that paste!"

Then away he flew to the barn, and, taking the universal tool, the convenient jackknife, he began to whittle at two long, slender sticks as only a Yankee can. A bit of wire and some string secured the sticks together, and a kite began to be evolved. Then back to the kitchen, where, armed with two newspapers and the maternal pot of paste, he knelt upon the floor to finish the machine. How long it did take for the thing to dry! He made the old stove roared and nearly burned the kite to a cinder in his haste to dry it. Twice he looked out of the window and wondered if she lingered still. Then the sun came out and it began to clear away. He hoped the wind would hold fair just a little longer.

"A ball of twine, mother, if you please."

"Poor boy!" she murmured, as he departed, "the disappointment is too much for him. He's losing his mind. Law sakes! his father never went round making kites and things just for a chit like her. He knewed too much."

The moment she saw that kite she sprang down from her rail-fence throne with a cry of delight.

"What a boy! He is coming; he is coming to me."

How, she couldn't imagine. Of course he would not fly over on the kite. Still, he would come, and the kite was, in some fashion, to be the bridge. He waved his hand to her, and then, having written something on the back of the kite, he proceeded to fly the same. No children ever watched their flying toys with greater interest. Higher and higher it rose on the air. Now he began to "pay out" the line. It hung high over her head, and she clapped her hands and laughed in almost childish pleasure.

Suddenly it ducked its head, and, turning its tail, began to fall in unseemly flutterings. It was coming down! She ran eagerly to catch it, and in a moment she had it fast, and the slender string hung in a great loop over the river.

"Was there ever such a boy! Ah! what's this? Writing! 'Fasten the string to the bank. Call your brother, and bring a crow-bar and some strong rope.'"

She secured the precious string to a big stone, and, waving her hat to him, she turned away toward her home. He, on his side, made the line fast to a tree, and then went hastily over the fields toward his father's barn. Finding his father there, he asked him to put the horse in the light job wagon.

"What for?"

"I'm thinking of going over the river."

"Do you crazy! How can—"

"Hold on, father. Don't call me insane just yet. Get the horse, please, for I'm in haste. Besides, you ought to be getting ready."

"Now look here! How's me and mother to cross the river with both bridges down?"

"Well, maybe there'll be a new bridge 'fore night."

A moment after the young man brought a light wicker chair from the house, and placing it in the wagon, he drove hastily away.

"Sell yer that 'ere coil of wire rope! We'd, there's nigh on to four hundred feet in it. It's worth more'n twenty-five dollars."

"All right! Here's your money. Lift it right into the wagon. And four banks of quarter-inch rope. How much will that be?"

"Two dollars, I guess. Say, what be your going to do with all that stuff? And say, heard the news? The express train is in, and all the passengers is a-waitin' on the banks, and the hotel is jam-full. Awful times these! Mails all stopped, too. Postmaster and the telegraph man's nearly took crazy—"

He waited to hear no more, and turned his horse through the main street, and started for home. As he passed the postoffice he saw the master at the door, and evidently in a high state of excite-

ment. He pulled up and asked what was the matter.

"Some fellow's flew a kite over the river, and's going to sling letters and—"

Lashing his horse to fury, he dashed through the village, and down the lane leading to his father's farm.

Were all his hopes to be thus ruined? A kite in March was not a common sight. Of course all the boys and idlers had flocked to see what it meant. A number of them had gathered at the bank, and stood gazing at the slender thread spanning the river with evident interest. As he drove up he saw a young man stoop as if to cut the line. In despair he cried out:

"Here, stranger! Let that line alone."

The man looked up to see who spoke, but kept hold of the string.

"That's my line, and I'll thank you to leave it alone."

"I shall not hurt it. I was only looking to see if I couldn't use it to pull a wire over the river. I'm the telegraph operator, and all my wires went down with the bridge."

"Well, you just hold on a bit. Let me attend to my affairs, and then you may put over all the wires you like. Say, boys, anybody want to earn a quarter?"

A dozen boys volunteered at once.

"All right. Sam Jackson, you may do it. Help me unload, and then you drive the horse home. And you, Ike Shawson, you run down to the store and buy a pair of barn-door hangers—the same kind that your father has on his big red barn-door."

Sam and Ike were eager to lend a hand, and even the other boys wanted to help. It was evident something remarkable was to be done, and they were all eagerness to assist in the work, whatever it might be.

There came a shout over the roaring river, and all turned to see what it meant. There stood Hero and her brother, surrounded by a number of people from their side of the village, and all evidently in a high state of excitement.

"Boys, give me a board." They quickly found the one the former message had been written upon. With the chalk the young man wrote in large letters,

"Stand for the line to bank."

Two boys held the board up, and the party on the other bank waved their hats to signify that they were ready. It took but a moment to fasten the kite-string to one of the pieces of rope, and the board was displayed again:

"Haul."

Slowly and carefully they pulled on the line, and in a few moments the rope swung in a gigantic loop from bank to bank. The next move required some engineering skill. Some advised one thing, some another, and in a multitude of counselors the business seemed in a fair way to stop.

"Now, look here! Whose farm is this? Yes, my dad's. All right. The next fellow that bothers me by talking must leave the place. Say, Mr. Telegrapher, what's the best way to unroll this cable without getting it into a kink?"

The operator suggested a stick put through the middle of the coil and held by a boy or man on each side. Then unroll it while you hold it up.

Presently all was ready, and the board was displayed once more:

"Haul slowly."

A brief note was written on an envelope and tied to the rope, and then the great enterprise began. The rope tightened and began to strain. Half a dozen men had hold of the end and began to walk away from the river, while Hero's brother supported it at the edge of the bluff. Hero herself stood near, gazing anxiously at all these strange doings. She could not understand how her Leander was to cross, but she felt sure he would, in some fashion.

"Let her turn easy. Easy now. Don't hold it back."

Slowly the wire rope unrolled and crept over the river. It hung down in a long, black loop, and nearly touched the river below. "Steady, there! pay out slowly," said the telegraph man—"Don't let it touch the water."

Now the end could be seen climbing the opposite bank. Then there came a cheer. The river was bridged.

The boy with the barn-door hangers returned, bringing with him a large crowd of people, including a number of the detained railroad passengers and the Postmaster. The excitement was tremendous. A wire rope swinging in mid-air over the river evidently means something, and there was the utmost eagerness displayed in the work.

Leander became the hero of the hour. This was not singular. Did not his hero wait for him just beyond the river?

"Now, gentlemen, if you'll stand back we'll rig this thing, and then the bridge will be finished."

The crowd pressed back and waited in silence to see what would be done next. They looked over the stream, and found the party on the other side equally excited and busy.

"Lend a hand, boys. We must take the cable over the first limb of that tree and make her fast behind."

A dozen stout hands offered to help, and presently the cable was passed over the limb of the tree, while two men held it fast. They looked again over the

stream and found that, according to the directions sent them, the other party had taken their end of the cable over a wooden tripod made of three fence rails lashed together, and had secured the end to the crow-bar that had been driven into the ground.

"All ready there! Pull now!"

Slowly the great loop spread out till the cable seemed to be almost straight from shore to shore. One bank was a little higher than the other, and the line made a slight descent in crossing. This had been expected, and the bridge-builder relied upon this fall as a motive power in crossing the stream.

"Now fasten her safe, boys, and the thing's done." With the aid of some of the loose rope they fastened the cable to a huge boulder behind the tree, and then they gave three cheers for the finished work.

"My sakes!" cried a small boy, "won't his hands burn by the time he slides over?"

Some of the other boys laughed, and the whole company gathered round to see what would be done next. Placing the barn-door hangers one before the other on the wire rope, just at the edge of the bluff, where it happened to be in reach, the young builder proceeded to tie the wicker chair to them in such a way that its weight kept the wheels of the hangers securely balanced on top of the wire cable.

Suddenly the whole thing dawned upon the assembled multitude. Shouts of surprise and delight at the skill and ingenuity of the enterprise, and eager questions as to when the bridge would be opened, came from every lip. A gentleman pressed forward and said:

"Do you intend to operate this bridge, sir?"

"Yes, sir. I'm going over as soon as the chair is secure."

"I'll give you ten dollars to let me go first."

"Can't do it, sir. I'm going myself."

"Yes, but you could come after me."

"Guess not. How could I get the car back?"

"I'll make it thirty dollars—fifty."

"No, sir. I'm going first."

"Can't you send the car back to me?"

"No. Don't you see it's up hill! The car will go down easy, but there's no getting her back. Besides, I can't stop. Got an engagement, you know, on the other side."

"How will you get back yourself?"

"Oh, I don't care to! I'm going over to stay."

Just here the Postmaster drew the stranger aside and whispered in the ear. The man laughed and asked no more questions.

It was a moment of intense excitement.

"Hold her steady, boys, while I get in. When I say go let her slide."

The young man sat down in the chair swinging under the rope. Two stout fellows took hold on each side and drew it back. It moved easily on the rope, and there was a little shout of applause.

"Hold on!" cried the Postmaster—"Could you not take this mail-bag in your lap?"

"No; the rope might break. Every pound tells, and I'm not very light."

"Nonsense!" cried the stranger who wished to cross. "The rope will bear two like you."

"Well, how much does the bag weigh?"

"Only two pounds."

"All right; I'll take it. Ready now. Go!"

Go he did. The car, drawn onward by the weight of its load, shot out over the river with the speed of the wind. The rope bent under the weight, and two crowds gathered on the banks held their breaths in alarm. The rope under the strain made a loop again, and suddenly the intrepid voyager stopped in mid-air, perhaps a hundred feet from the shore. A wild shout of dismay went up from the people. The navigator looked up at the slender rope over his head and down at the roaring river sixty feet below. In despair he gazed at the shore. Where was his Hero now! Alas! in dead faint on the ground behind the people. Someone found her, and they all turned to see what had happened, and left the luckless voyager to swing slowly backward and forward on the wind, and utterly out of reach.

The situation was desperate. Why had he not drawn the cable tighter? If it had been secured properly this dreadful accident would not have occurred. The people on the banks ran hither and thither in helpless confusion. Those nearest to him were busy with the poor child, whose nerves had been shattered by the accident, and the young man was neglected.

Presently they took the young woman home, and then they turned to see what could be done to rescue him. After some little delay a rope was procured and an effort made to throw it to him. He failed to catch it, though it touched his chair twice. Still they kept on and at last he secured it. A dozen stout fellows began to pull on it, and his car slowly and gently rolled ashore, amidst the cheers and shouts of the assembled populace. Twenty hands were reached out to pull him in and he landed in the midst of a frantic company of men and boys. Would the bridge be open to

travel? The conductor of the express train wanted his passengers taken over. The express man had a trunk of valuables that must cross somehow.

A big man in a traveling suit pressed through the crowd and seized his hand just as he stepped out of the car.

"Did you build that bridge?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Very bright idea! I once saw one just like it in Japan."

"Yes, sir, I saw the picture of one on a Japanese fan. That's what made me think of it."

"You should put up another wire if you wish to go back."

"Don't want to. I've come to stay."

Thereupon the young man began to unfasten the chair as if to take it away.

"Hold on a bit! What will you take for the bridge?"

"Don't want to sell. Besides, I am busy now."

He turned to go away, but the stranger detained him.

"Don't you want to make a fortune?"

"Yes, but I can't stop. Busy to-day. Besides they are waiting for me."

The man was importunate and even the people gathered about murmured as if in remonstrance.

"Look here, young man. That bridge of yours is worth a thousand dollars to the man who knows how to work it."

"That's so, that's so," said the people.

"The other bridges cannot be rebuilt a month, and all the railroad travel, the mails and light freight will have to cross on your cable."

"Yes," replied the young man, impatiently, "but I've not time to attend to it—at least not to-day."

Here the crowd suddenly parted, and on the arm of her aged father appeared the blushing Hero. They shook hands heartily, and if it had not been for the presence of the assembled company it is believed that they would have kissed each other.

"Oh, I told them you would come. I was sure of it, but I didn't think you'd fly."

"Of course. I said I should be on time, and here I am. It's almost time, I suppose."

"Yes, very nearly."

The stranger became still more importunate.

"Look here, young man, I mean business. If you're in such a particular hurry give me your terms and I'll buy you out."

"Well, stranger, you wait an hour and I'll talk with you."

"No, the whole business of the road is blocked, and we must have another wire up and more cars at once. Come! I'm the Vice President of the railroad, and you can trust me."

"What does he want?" whispered Hero.

"He wants to buy the bridge."

"Does he? Well, make him give a good price. It may help to furnish that spare room; besides, I want a little larger stove."

The young man thought a moment, and then he said, slowly, as if offering a great favor:

"I don't know much about such matters. Mr. President, but I'll sell a half interest in my bridge and the right to land cables on our farm for five hundred dollars, and I'll agree to run the bridge myself."

"Oh, you don't know about such matters! You are keen for one so young. However, I'll take you up."

"All right, sir. We must have four cables and a dozen cars at once. I was thinking of it when I got stuck. I guess it will be a good speculation."

"Here's my hand on it. Can you begin to-day?"

"Yes, by and by—this afternoon. Just now I'm busy. I must go."

"What, in the name of heaven, is your haste! Business is pressing on the line already."

"Yes, I know it; but—the fact is—this is my wedding-day."—*Harper's Weekly.*

## Spring Flowers.

Familiarity is a dangerous experiment the most familiar thing in the world is a puppy, and the funniest step on.

The grate art or conversashun iz to know what to say, where to begin, and when to stop.

I never hav met a man yet who didn't hav a more comprehensive knowledge ov his nabor's karakter than he did ov his own.

The man who haz got nothing but the truth to tell always uses the fust words he can lay his hands on.

It is a curious fakt that all the civil or religious peace that the world enjoys they hav had to fite for.

Yu will find plenty ov men who are red hot to himt tigers and wild cats, only just muzzle the varmint and place them ten or fifteen miles off.

If a man kant find happiness in himself there ain't no use to hunt for it ennywhere else.

There iz no doubt there iz policy in everything, but it iz a grate relief to make once in a while a blunder.

A gentleman kant hide his true karakter enny more than a kafer kan.

The hardest thing I kno ov iz to argy against a success.—*Josh Billings.*

## A Strange Silence.

The Cohoes Bulletin says there is residing at that place a man aged seventy-five years, who has not spoken to his wife in twelve years. He has been married fifty years, has an amiable wife and several children and grandchildren, and considerable property. The old man and his wife lived together happily until about twelve years ago, when one morning the wife came down stairs and saluted her husband in a gentle manner, as was her wont to do, but, to her astonishment, he made no reply. She spoke to him again and again, but always with the same effect, and ever since that July morning in 1863 the husband has never opened his lips to his wife. He always speaks familiarly with the rest of his family and friends, but on no occasion or under any consideration would he speak one word to his wife. He always treats her with gentleness and kindness, always providing for her wants with the most scrupulous care, but not one word can be coaxed out of his lips to refer to his strange way of treating her. His wife and himself always occupy the same bed, they eat at the same table, they walk to church side by side, yet not one word has escaped that man's lips for the past twelve years to that woman. His little granddaughter lives with him, and through her he always knows his wife's wants, and no request of hers is left unheeded. Several friends of the family have tried repeatedly to fathom his strange action, but they always found it impossible to do so.

## Floating.

Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither motion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under the water in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to give him free liberty to breathe, and if he will use his legs, as in the act of walking (or rather walking up stairs), his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use the less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in many cases.

## Lemonade for an Invalid.

This is too often made by simply squeezing a lemon into a tumbler, picking the pips out with a spoon, and then adding sugar and cold water. The best method of making lemonade is to peel the lemons, or otherwise the lemonade will be bitter; cut them into slices, taking away the pips, and then pouring boiling water on the slices, adding, of course, sufficient sugar to sweeten. This, after being well stirred, and the pulp pressed with a spoon, must be carefully strained through a piece of fine muslin, and allowed to get cold. When cold, a piece of ice is a great improvement. Cold, weak lemonade made this way, not too sweet, is one of the most refreshing drinks possible for hot weather, and in cases where there is a tendency to take fluid too often, a tendency we fear rather



## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.  
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.  
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

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### Conference of Principals.

The Conference of Principals of American Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, which was called to meet at Northampton, Mass., will be held at the Pennsylvania Institution, cor. Broad and Pine Sts., Philadelphia, commencing Wednesday, July 12th.

### Religious Services in Philadelphia.

During the months of July and August, services for deaf-mutes will be held at St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, on the first and third Sundays of each month only, as follows:

July 2, 3:30 p. m.—Mr. H. W. Sytle.  
July 16, 9 a. m., Holy Communion, and 3:30 p. m.—Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.  
August 6, 3:30 p. m.—Mr. H. W. Sytle.  
August 20, 9 a. m., Holy Communion, and 3:30 p. m.—A clergyman will officiate.  
Due notice will be given of the resumption of weekly services in September.  
Mr. Sytle's ordination will probably take place on October 8th.

The next service for the deaf-mutes of Troy and vicinity, will be held in St. Paul's Chapel, on State St., Friday evening, June 30th, and not on Friday evening, July 1th. The Rev. T. B. Perry will officiate.

### The Fatal Consequences of Walking on the Railroad Track.

Again has the community been shocked at the intelligence of a fatal accident to another deaf-mute while walking on the railroad track. Last week we published an account of the sudden and terrible death of CHARLES B. HIBBARD, which occurred at Jackson, Mich., on the 16th inst. Mr. Hibbard was a young man of rare abilities, a graduate of the National Deaf-mute College, at Washington, D. C., a compositor by trade, and a scholar of fine attainments. As we have not had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, we are not prepared to give but a little of the history of the deceased. With his literary qualifications our acquaintance has been very limited, but from what we know of his tact and fluency as a writer we are able to judge somewhat of his intelligence and knowledge of human nature. An article, under the heading of "The Thrifty Tramp," from his pen, published in our paper of the 15th inst., clearly proves the versatility of his faculties as a fluent writer, and that his powers of imagination and as a vivid painter of human character were immense. On that occasion we published our third or fourth contribution from his prolific pen, and, sad to contemplate, the last.

Through the recommendation of Mr. A. W. Mann, of Flint, Mich., we made arrangements, some time since, with Mr. Hibbard to furnish regular articles for the JOURNAL, and he had recently commenced to write for us. By his sudden demise we lose one of our best correspondents, his companions a good friend, and his family a devoted husband, and father.

His fate is another sad and terrible warning to deaf-mutes, against the dangerous habit of walking on railway tracks. Not long since we published an article in opposition to and warning deaf-mutes of the unequal chances between life and death enjoyed by deaf-mutes who hazard the risk of track-walking. Well would it have been for our lamented friend if he had taken the warning to heart. But he has gone, and we do most earnestly hope that the living will learn from this and other bitter lessons which he and other deaf-mutes have taught, and never, if it can possibly be avoided, place their lives in death's jaws by walking on the railroad track.

### Personal.

Lewis C. Rider, oldest son of the proprietor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, returned to his home last Saturday from Rhinebeck, where he has been since last December attending the De Garmo High School. Mr. Rider, although somewhat thin in flesh, is in fine spirits and has grown larger and taller during his absence. He will spend the vacation at home, and resume his studies, at the commencement of the term of school at the above-named Institution in the early part of September next.

—Brigadier General Sullivan acts as grand marshal at Oswego on the Fourth.

### New Superintendent of the Texas Deaf-mute Institution.

It is reported that General Henry McCullough has been appointed Superintendent of the Texas Institution for Deaf-mutes. He is a brother of General Ben McCullough, of Indian war fame, and who was killed at the battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, while serving in the rebel army.

### The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so with "The Itemizer."

GEORGE W. EVANS and his wife, of Marion, Iowa, seem to be in luck in more ways than one. He is a painter by trade and has lately secured several large contracts for work, which will occupy the entire summer and fall. In addition to this good luck, his wife has a boy of two months, of whom both are proud.

MRS. MILTON JONES, of Richland, in this county, is one of the best butter makers in Oswego county. We know by experience when we speak, having had our table supplied with her butter for a long time.

MISS MARY FANWOOD, of this place, recently spent a few days with her friends in Rome, and enjoyed her visit very much.

At the Bunker Hill Anniversary yacht race at Marblehead, Mass., on the 19th ult., the yacht *Inez*, belonging to JOHN BOWDEN, JR., won the race against all competitors, being two minutes ahead in making the round trip. Had Mr. Bowden sailed his yacht himself she would have done better still.

The editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL has a splendid crop of Colorado potato bugs. By actual experiment he has discovered that they make poor kindling wood.

COLLECTING money for the New England Industrial Home goes bravely on; nearly two hundred dollars having been accumulated and deposited in the bank.

### Closing Exercises at the Minnesota Deaf-Mute Institution.

(From the Fairbault Democrat, June 16, 1876.)

Tuesday last the closing exercises of the Minnesota Institution for the Deaf and Dumb took place in the institution chapel, commencing at 2 o'clock p. m.

The chapel was beautifully decorated with wreaths of ferns and green leaves, and the blackboards were covered with drawings by the pupils, which were executed in a very neat and tasty manner. Over one door was the motto in fern leaves, "1776," and over the other, "1876." The following is the

#### PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES.

##### PART I.

1. The Centennial Year—Oral Address, James L. Smith.
2. Reminiscences of the Institution in Town, Anthony Simon.
3. The Weather—four little girls—Anna, Bertha, Emma and Emily.
4. A Story—original, Edward Stittkus.
5. Wheat Raising in Minnesota, Charles F. Bahe.
6. The Boy Who Never Told a Lie—Oral recitation, Leon LeFever.
7. Horatius—Pantomime, Anthony Simon.
8. Representation of Animals, John Griffin.
9. The State Prison, Joseph DeCurtis.
10. A Story—Pantomime, Charles Thompson.

##### PART II.

1. Whittier's Centennial Hymn, Emma Schneider and Julia Halvorsen.
2. Spring, Abbie Shaw.
3. Inventions, Samuel E. Stickney.
4. Education of the Deaf and Dumb, Lizzie McGraw.
5. "How He Saved St. Michaels," Julia Halvorsen.
6. Vaudeviotory, Jeremiah P. Kelley.
7. Presentation of Diplomas by State Superintendent Burt.
8. Address by R. A. Mott, Esq., Sec'y of the Board of Directors.

Below we give the poem that was recited in a most pleasing manner by the four little girls:

#### THE WEATHER.

When the weather is wet,  
We must not fret;  
When the weather is dry,  
We must not cry;  
When the weather is cold,  
We must not scold;  
When the weather is warm,  
We must not storm;  
But be thankful together,  
Whatever the weather.

The following is Mr. Kelley's

#### VAUDEVIOTORY.

"Old Father Time" keeps on in his steady and solemn march, and the hour has now arrived when we are assembled here for the last time. The years that we have spent together have been happy ones to us all. Our time has been so filled up with duties and pleasures as the months and years flew by, that the day when we must separate and go our several ways to contend single-handed with the world has come upon us almost as a surprise. We have looked forward to this hour as something far off in the vague future, but now, as we look back, the time we have spent together seems strangely short. Little did any of us dream when we came here, seven years ago, ignorant, frightened and homesick, how much of a home this place would become to us. The institution has been, indeed, our alma mater. We were shut out by the loss of our sense of hearing from almost every avenue of improvement. Unable to hear, speak, read or write, and consequently unable to com-

municate with those around us, we were groping about in mental darkness. She took us kindly by the hand and led us forward to the light. She has given us education, raised up for us kind friends, taught us habits of self-reliance and industry, and, above all, led us to put our trust in God. As we go our several ways we shall carry with us pleasant and grateful memories—pleasant memories of our kind friends and affectionate companions, grateful memories of the beneficence of the State, of the zealous labors of the trustees, of the constant care, unwearied labor and wise counsel of the officers and teachers of the institution.

Follow graduates!—As we bid farewell to these familiar scenes, let us resolve to make our future lives creditable to the Institution that has done so much for us. We should be ungrateful, indeed, if we soon forget the counsels of our teachers, who have labored for us so patiently and so well, and whose love and patience we have often tried in our youthful waywardness. As Time continues his steady march we shall appreciate more and more the benefit of our life at school; more and more look back upon these happy years with fond regret; more and more feel sorry for mispent time and neglected opportunities. Putting aside vain regrets for what is past, let us do our best for the present and future.

"Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fears and with a manly heart."

#### Farewell.

There were thirteen graduates this year, as follows:

Anthony Simon, Madelia.  
Loretta Carr, Spring Lake.  
Edward Stittkus, Hastings.  
John Anderson, St. Peter.  
Charles F. Bahe, Cottage Grove.  
Joseph DeCurtis, Stillwater.  
Abbie Shaw, May.  
William L. Farr, Moscow.  
Mary S. Nilson, Wilmar.  
Samuel E. Stickney, Wyatville.  
John J. Doyle, Marysburg.  
Lizzie McGraw, Rochester.  
Jeremiah Kelley, Rochester.

The exercises throughout were of a most pleasing and interesting character, and where all did so well it would be injustice to mention any particular one.

No person can have any idea of the grand work this Institution is doing unless they go and see it.

### The Iowa Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

(From the Walton (N. Y.) Chronicle, June 8, '76.)

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., May 20, 1876.  
MR. EDITOR:—Perceiving in your correspondent's column not many items from this part of the world, in which your paper finds a welcome, I thought a few words from myself might be acceptable. If all the subscribers to your paper could realize how much good it did us who are far away from the old Delaware Valley, to see contributions signed with some familiar name or letter, I think there would be more efforts in that direction.

A fine opportunity was offered, this morning, to visit the Iowa State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Of course, an opportunity to visit one of our State Institutions was not to be neglected, so in company with two lady friends, who were acquainted there, a drive of two miles into the country brought me to a very large brick edifice, with an inscription over the door, by which curious strangers might know what it was.

The first thing that attracted my attention was a large number of girls sitting around the door. I say girls, but some were young ladies. Students are taken between the ages of ten and twenty-five. The present number is one hundred and eighty. As we were strangers, or at least visitors, we were scrutinized very closely by them, although they receive visitors nearly every day. The building is so irregular that it would be difficult to give its size from mere observation. There are five floors, on the first the dining-room and kitchen, on the second the parlor, reception room, etc., while the other floors are occupied as the school rooms and also for bath rooms, bathing being one of the duties of each Saturday.

As there was no school, I did not have the privilege of seeing the methods of instruction for these poor unfortunates.

And as I passed among them they hardly seemed like the same kind of beings, yet they appeared to be very social among themselves, as indicated by incessant motions of a very queer character, and by the expressions of their countenances, and what natural language they could command, yet who could tell all that was going on within those mute hearts? But if you had been with me you might have thought my last remarks rather inappropriate, for some of them can make a good deal of noise out of their mouths.

On Sundays they have religious exercises, conducted of course in the dumb language. But time passed, and we took our departure, feeling well repaid for the time spent, as it was the first visit of the kind ever enjoyed. Should any of you ever stop in Council Bluffs, you will not regret a visit to this institution. The managers and teachers are genial and polite, treating all with due consideration.

With a cake of GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP and a commodious bath-tub, the victim of chronic cutaneous eruptions can improve a sulphur bath which no professed bathing establishment can supply. Give it a trial. It is sold everywhere.

—Prof J. H. Hoose, of the Cortland Normal School, and brother of J. Hoose, of this village, is to deliver an address on "Morals and Religion in American Public Schools," at the inauguration of the Centennial National Institute, to be held in Philadelphia, July 5th, 1876.

### The Orwell Murder.

DISAGREEMENT OF THE JURY AFTER THIRTY-SIX HOURS.

On Monday morning, after twenty-four days of trial and thirty-six hours of jury deliberation in the case of Orlando N. Greenfield charged with the brutal murder of his young wife at Orwell, Oswego county, no verdict could be obtained. Nine of the jurors voted guilty of murder in the first degree, and three were willing to return a verdict of murder in the second degree. As there was no chance of agreement, Judge Noxon discharged the jury and Greenfield was taken back to jail.

Judge Noxon commenced his charge to the jury at 7:30 p. m., Saturday. The general opinion, says the Palladium, was that the charge of the Court was very favorable to the prisoner.

#### THE JUDGE'S CHARGE.

The following (taken from the Palladium) is a brief abstract of the main points: The case had been conducted with distinguished ability; the Court has been inclined to go slow so that every point might be brought out and the jury understand the matter thoroughly; he spoke of the town where the crime was committed—a rural place where there are but few houses; the life of the wife of this defendant was taken; even if he had not been suspected, there must have been a high state of excitement; some times people determine too suddenly who is guilty of crimes; you are not to know what the people think in that neighborhood—you are not to know it while in the jury's seats; it was but natural that people should be excited; the question that came to the people when they heard of the murder was who did it—some times they decide without reason; you must not be moved as the people of the neighborhood were; you must weigh the evidence and weigh it carefully; the prisoner is supposed to be innocent until proven guilty—he, in fact, is innocent until proven guilty, and it is for you to decide whether sufficient evidence has been given to satisfy you. After the examination before the coroner, the prisoner now before you was arrested and taken to jail to await the action of the grand jury; a bill was found against him charging him with murder in the first degree.

There is no positive proof that the defendant killed Alice Greenfield; but, in order to prove that he did, circumstantial evidence is introduced. Such evidence is sometimes in civil cases a necessity, for crimes are usually committed when no one is looking. The circumstances in this are many, such as threats, words spoken, action and place of prisoner when the murder was committed. It is for you to decide whether the circumstances are sufficiently strong to convict. One out of ten facts may fail and still your chain is unbroken, but again, the breaking of one may fail and break the whole. If there is any doubt, give it to the prisoner. The court and jury start with the prisoner's innocence, although charged with the crime. In all cases the people must prove their case, and in this case beyond all reasonable doubt. Nothing should be assumed. They must prove all the facts so that you may determine on a verdict. It is charged that there was a motive for the killing of Alice Greenfield; that is for you to decide. In this case, quarrels were the motive, and during the time of their married life the prisoner has been guilty of doing wrong by his wife; he choked her, struck her, beat her. Is there enough of that to convince you that he had a motive. It is for you to decide. The court expresses no opinion. If the District Attorney fails to prove a fact, no weight should be given to it. A fact cannot be enlarged by presumption.

There have been large numbers of confessions given made by Orlando Greenfield, as shown by witnesses, that go to show a motive. Too much care cannot be taken in giving weight to claimed confessions. Lillis makes his statement as to what Greenfield said. Lillis speaks at the time of the conversation, and as you follow the case down by other witnesses, they did not hear the conversation sworn to by Lillis. It is important when you come to the confession of a party that you weigh it well. The construction that I put upon the Lillis statement was that Greenfield meant to say that if he had stayed at Wyman's he would not have been suspected. The prisoner gives his story starting from Wednesday morning and bringing it down to the time of the murder. He stands just as any other witness does. You saw him on the stand and can judge as to the credit you shall give to his evidence. You are to judge whether his statement can be relied upon. He swears that he did not kill his wife, but you may say a guilty man would say that as well as an innocent man. You must take his character and weigh it before he was accused of this murder. His standing after arrested must not be taken. You remember the testimony given in reference to the scene at the house, whether he shed tears or not, the finding of the knife when he claimed he did not know where it was. Some men will cry quicker than others, and the loss of tears produces insanity. It is a fact in the case for you to decide whether the prisoner could or could not cry. There is one question bearing on the guilt or innocence of the case, and that is, no blood is shown to have been found upon the prisoner's clothes. It is an important question for you. If he had the same clothing on at the inquest that he had on the time of the murder, it will strike you as singular that the blood that flowed from Alice Greenfield did not reach the murderer. It is for you to look at.

[A discussion took place between counsel where Orlando Greenfield took off the overcoat he wore that night and placed it on the piazza, and whether it is the coat exhibited in court.]  
The court said the jury would recall the fact. When the murder took place there must have been a struggle in the house, and it is a question for you to decide whether the matter of clothing shall influence your verdict.  
Time is an important element in this case. The prisoner was at Wyman's all day, and he did not intend to go home, but some one (Hilton) went there twice and talked with him. In the evening he changed his mind and did go home. His steps are traced from place to place, to Mrs. Damon's, where he tried to get his son to go with him in pursuit of some one who was traveling in a wagon. He met two men after and wanted they should go with him. Up to this time and, in fact, up to the time he reached his house, there is nothing to show premeditation in the mind of the prisoner. You get him home at 12½ o'clock. When did the murder take place? There is no proof as to the hour the woman was killed. There is quite a little time in which the woman might have been killed by some other person.  
There is another question—the lights; did they exist? The prisoner's people testify that they saw lights just before Orlando went to call Grinnells, but when Grinnells went back with him no light was seen. The distance between the houses is not very great, and it would not take him long to go and return. It is for you to decide whether a light was seen. If there was no light it is not important; but if there was, it is important. If Orlando saw a man in his house, it is important, and it is for you to decide whether he saw any one or not.  
Take all the facts in reference to the impeachment of Betsey Ann Greenfield and weigh them. There is no evidence that the knife exhibited was the knife with which Alice was murdered. The blood stains are of no particular importance in determining who killed Alice. If it be found that there was no blood on his clothes when he went to the pump, that question is disposed of. The question has been asked: "If it was not Orlando, who was it?" This has nothing to do with the case—that would be disposing of the case without a trial. People in Orwell may ask that question, but it is not for you. You are sworn to give a verdict according to the evidence. The attorney for the people in summing up inadvertently referred to a number of cases where the testimony was not in chief. I hope that this evidence, except where it impeaches, will not weigh with you. I will leave the proofs with you to decide upon. If you scan it carefully you can determine upon a verdict.  
Be satisfied that the prisoner killed his wife with premeditation before you find him guilty. Be careful, take time, satisfy your consciences and your oaths. If after having weighed all the evidence and given the prisoner all doubts, you are satisfied that the accused killed his wife, you must bring in a verdict of guilty; if, after you have recalled all the circumstances, you think the prisoner did not kill his wife, you must find him not guilty.

Among the requests of the counsel, Mr. Webb, for the people, asked the court to charge that if the jury find that the prisoner went to his house that night and got into a quarrel with his wife, and in the heat of passion killed her, they might find a verdict of murder in the second degree. Judge Noxon refused so to charge. He charged that the verdict must be either guilty of murder in the first degree or not guilty.

After disposing of other requests to charge, constables were sworn to take charge of the jury, and they retired to deliberate.

The jury went down stairs in a body and the clerk had a settlement with them.

### HOW THE JURY STOOD.

In conversation with the jurors our reporter learned that on the first ballot the jury stood nine for conviction of murder in the first degree and three for acquittal. Subsequently the three gave way so far as to be able to agree to a verdict of murder in the second degree, but held out to the end against a verdict in the first degree. As intimidated by the foreman, the jury could and would if possible have agreed on a verdict of murder in the second degree.

The jurors say that their conscientious scruples did not extend so far as to prevent them from canvassing the evidence on Sunday as was reported.

#### WHAT THE DISAGREEMENT MEANS.

The general interpretation of the views of the jury is that they were all willing to pronounce the prisoner guilty, but three of them were not willing to hang him. If we remember rightly, there were two or three of the jury who were a little weak on the subject of capital punishment when examined as to their competency to sit as jurors in the case. But their scruples were not considered sufficient to prevent them from rendering a verdict according to the evidence.

#### NOTES.

It is conceded on all hands that District Attorney Lamoree conducted the case for the people from first to last with great ability, and we have heard of nothing but unqualified praise of his masterly presentation of the evidence to the jury in summing up. He has been assisted throughout the trial by S. A. Webb, Esq., who was always on the alert to make a point where one could be made.

Judge Huntington and Messrs. Robinson and Higgins, for the prisoner, are equally deserving of commendation for their untiring and conscientious efforts on their side of the case. They neglected nothing which could in any way save the rights of the accused.

The Judge's charge is generally conceded to have given the prisoner the benefit of every doubt.

The prisoner, who, during the last few days of the trial, has shown considerable nervousness and anxiety, appeared very cheerful this morning after learning the verdict. Evidently a load was removed from his mind and he indulges in hope for the future.

After remanding the prisoner to jail this morning, the Oyer and Terminer adjourned sine die.

#### WHAT NEXT?

The people, says the Palladium, are warmly discussing what the next move will be. It has been supposed that the defense would apply for bail for the prisoner, pending a new trial, but they have not done so. We think we can safely say that Judge Noxon will not admit Greenfield to bail if application should be made to him. The questions whether a jury could be obtained here or at Poughkeepsie and whether the case would have to go out of the county for a jury, are interesting.

### Deserved Promotion.

Mr. J. W. Moak's official title has been changed from Superintendent to General Manager of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg railroad and its branches, and his authority has been greatly increased, having full control of the main road and all its branches and receiving such increased pay as properly belong to increased responsibilities. All those acquainted with Mr. Moak will agree with us in saying that this promotion is well merited by this good and faithful servant. Men who are so thoroughly familiar with all the details of railroading as he, or who will attend to the business more faithfully and with better judgment, are hard to find. He is very popular with employees and the public, not only because of his capability, but because of his honesty, integrity and resolution. He has been connected with the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad for many years and during the time has discharged the duties of his office with remarkable fidelity and fairness. Mr. Moak's promotion is received by our citizens with an unanimous expression of entire satisfaction and delight.—*Watertown Dispatch*.

The following is from the Times of Monday:

#### WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

The court was held open Saturday night until half-past eleven o'clock, at which time an intimation being received from the jury that they had not agreed upon a verdict, they were locked up for the night and the crowd which still remained in the court room dispersed.

All day Sunday knots of people gathered in the vicinity of the court house, and the question was repeatedly asked, "any news from the jury?" Various reports were in circulation as to how the jury stood, and what were the reasons they could not agree. It was stated that some of them had conscientious scruples against working on Sunday, and had refused to consider the case for that day. This we learned after the jury was discharged had no foundation.

The jury continued their deliberations all day Sunday and spent a second night in the jury room. It became evident that it was impossible for them to agree.

THE JURY DISAGREED AND ARE DISCHARGED.

At quarter to nine o'clock this morning the prisoner was brought into court. A few minutes later the jury came up stairs and took their seats.

The clerk called the jury and asked the usual questions: Gentlemen, have you agreed upon a verdict?

Mr. Farnham, (foreman).—We have not.

The District Attorney said he understood the jurors had laid the matter aside during the Sabbath and thus their time for deliberation had been shortened.

Judge Noxon said it would be impossible for them to stop thinking about the matter. It would be upon their consciences and they must have continued thinking about it every moment since entering the jury room. Such an important question would prevent sleep and if they had scruples against working on Sunday they had nine hours since the clock struck twelve at midnight.

The District Attorney said he greatly regretted the disagreement of the jury as it would be almost impossible to procure another jury to try the case in this county. If it is tried again it will probably be tried in another county.

Judge Noxon said the court regretted that the jury had not been able to agree, but as there was evidently no hope for an agreement if they were sent back, the court would now discharge them. The jury was accordingly discharged.

The court directed the clerk to enter an order remanding the prisoner to jail.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

### Cheerful Prospects for the Deaf-Mute Organization of Toronto, Canada.

ONTARIO INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB. BELLEVILLE, June 20th, 1876. EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please send a copy of your paper, for one year, to the "Deaf-Mute Literary Association" of Toronto. You can send the bill to me and I will send to the Treasurer of the Association, who will remit to you.

There are residing in Toronto from forty to fifty deaf-mutes, most of whom seem very much interested in the Association. A pleasant room has been secured, and is being nicely fitted up as a library, reading room, &c.

A number of donations have been made. One gentleman gave four beautiful pictures, another a carpet, another a large table, which, with books, pictures, &c., show that the people are willing to aid the deaf and dumb.

An Advisory Committee, consisting of nine speaking gentlemen has been appointed to provide the ways and means for carrying on the Association. His Honor, Lieut.-Governor McDonald, has kindly consented to become the Patron of the Association. J. George Hodgins, LL.D., Deputy Minister of Education, is Chairman of the Advisory Committee.

Very respectfully,  
W. J. PALMER, Principal.

### Opposed to Pensioning Deaf-Mute Teachers.

I take it for granted that most of the readers of the JOURNAL have read an article which lately appeared in its columns, of "Lytton Bulwer's" authorship, advocating the pensioning of our worn-out deaf-mute teachers.

How others view it I know not, but for one I am inclined to doubt whether such a measure would exert as beneficial an effect on the teacher as it would in "Lytton Bulwer's" opinion. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," it is said, and in this case it is so certainly. For it would be a far better policy to increase their remuneration now rather than to pension them by-and-by. There is no question as to which course the teachers themselves would prefer. A contemporary says: "In the midst of life is death." Then, for one, I would like to know how it could encourage the teachers to know that they might in the far future receive a paltry pension, though it would be by no means probable that they would survive till that time.

If their salaries were increased, all necessity for pensioning them would be done away with, and instead of expending the money without any benefit recurring to them as a few individuals, we should reap ten-fold its worth. The teachers would have ample means to lay up against "the stillly twilight of their age," they would be encouraged and strengthened, and their energy doubled. Their pupils would receive better instruction as a necessary consequence, and would reflect credit back upon their teachers; this would reflect honor on the Directors and upon the Institution; upon the State by increasing its number of intelligent and self-supporting citizens; and last, but not least of all, it would, through the State, add greater lustre to the glory of our great nation, the United States of America. For is not the intelligence of the citizen the great bulwark of the nation and its greatest glory?

The Directors of our Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb are intrusted by the State with their management, and all funds committed to their care they are expected to expend in such a way as will best further the object of such Institutions, and to secure to the State the largest possible number of useful and intelligent citizens. And if these directors have the interests of their State at heart, and if they are true friends of the deaf and dumb, they will surely disdain this "penny wise and pound foolish" system of remunerating their deaf-mute teachers, which cannot but tend to retard the object for which our Institutions were founded.

The unjust discrimination exercised towards our deaf instructors in the matter of their salaries as compared with those of their hearing fellow teachers, has often been remarked upon; not that we wish the hearing teachers' wages to be reduced, or that it is too much, but because the deaf-mute teachers, who are full as competent and of quite as much need, do not get as much as they ought or is fairly their due. I read with unmingled astonishment, the proposition contained in a letter from Indiana, by "For the Truth," which lately appeared in the JOURNAL, to the purpose that deaf teachers should never on any account be employed to teach our younger pupils, because (as he says), they cannot understand a single word of English well enough to explain it correctly. Well, on reading this, one is forced to the conclusion that either the deaf-mutes of Indiana are an exceptionally stupid class or that the author of that proposition, himself possesses an exceedingly obtuse intellect. For every one that is acquainted with this subject, knows that as instructors of new pupils deaf-mute teachers are the very ones that should be employed, and also that in this particular they are much more to be relied upon than speaking teachers. Indeed, there are many cases in which deaf-mute teachers have had the charge of classes through the entire course, and with results of how hearing teachers ever excelled. I recollect one instance in particular, in a large Institution where I heard it said of a deaf-mute (not a semi-mute) teacher's class, that it was the finest in the Institution, and there was not a single teacher besides who cared to dispute the assertion. It would, perhaps, be proper to say that his class was of about four years' standing, and that he had had charge of it through that entire period.

On perusing "Lytton Bulwer's" arti-

cle one cannot help noticing the chronic anxiety of its author to be remembered as the father of the measure he advocates. Evidently if it is not fathered on him from first to last, he will not care so very much whether it is carried out or not. But he need not worry, for no one is disposed to steal that mouldy bone from him. He cannot be a teacher as is shown by his greenness in expecting that the boards of directors would ever take up his measure, and we are all the more sure, because there is no deaf and dumb institution in Brooklyn from which he hails.

Whether this article contains sense or nonsense, others must judge, but should either be the case, I say, woe to the future historian, editor or scribbler who dares to rudely lift the sacred veil of my incognito and reveal to the public the writer of this article.

NATTY BUMPO.

### The New England Industrial Home for Deaf-Mutes.

MR. EDITOR:—If there is anything I dislike to be connected with, it is a newspaper controversy; but when I see one-sided statements of what should be generally known, my sense of justice impels me to say what I know of the other side, and I trust the intelligent readers of your JOURNAL will look on both sides of the matter before forming their opinions.

In your issue of June 8th, I noticed your Marblehead correspondent had expressed his views on one side of the fence quite freely, withholding what would be quite as interesting to your readers, and what would have shown a much more candid statement of the matter, and his views were evidently not submitted to any of the speaking Trustees for their approval before publishing the same. Knowing, as I do, the impartiality of your paper, I will touch lightly upon the facts as I can prove them to be.

As regards the declaration of Prof. Bell, he did not decline from any *wiftness* on his part, as the statement makes it appear; but because his name had been used, printed and circulated quite extensively without his knowledge or consent, and because he had no confidence in the movement, and the same may be said of Rev. Mr. Turner, of Hartford. Mr. Swett's remarks that the Trustees were determined to carry out the plan in spite of all opposition, seems true, I am sorry to say, as their plan is not what they were elected for, but to use a legacy of \$500 "as they may think best for the benefit of the deaf-mutes of New England." I will not now go into a minute or general discussion of the subject, but may at some future date do so, if circumstances seem to demand it, in order that the truth may be known. I will only say that of all the Societies in Massachusetts and Hartford, and from what I can learn from Vermont and New Hampshire, they are all, or nearly so, opposed to it. Does this look as though the best interests of the deaf-mutes of New England are to be consulted? Certainly not, unless a change speedily takes place. I had up to the time of the Trustees' last meeting not committed myself in the matter, wishing to see how it would be managed and to hear both sides. So I have interested myself to obtain all the information I could, opening a large correspondence with mutes in different parts of New England, and with other speaking parties interested in their welfare, and not, as it has been reported, confining myself to the parties in Boston and Salem. The result of which was a decided opposition to the plan as now understood and sought to be managed, and I think the receipts will show it to be so. At the meeting Mr. Swett reported his collection to be \$84 in about three months. That was a frank and honest statement. I am told by several that he had eight agents at work, some of whom were undesirable persons, and he knew it; and I think their selection rather injured than helped the plan. At the meeting he was requested to dispense with the services and further employment of agents, and hereafter to perform the duties of the agency *himself alone*; also in visiting places where Societies of deaf-mutes exist, to use his discretion and respect their wishes if a majority are against his collecting in their midst. These are facts which he withheld in his statements. Mr. Southwick's collection of a "pretty large sum" gives the impression that it was *larger than his*, and is a very clever dodge to play. The plain fact is, that the pretty large sum was only \$53, and it was collected by Mr. Southwick, at Mr. Swett's request, in a place where Mr. Swett had agreed not to collect, and that was at Salem, Mass. Mr. Swett is a member of the Society there, which has received the approval of every Christian church in that city, and whose collections in the same time amount to more than double Mr. Swett's, and that, too, in one place and with one agent. Mr. Swett himself called a meeting of that Society, and stated in a fair and honorable manner that, if the Society did not wish him to collect there, he would not do so, and I hoped he would adhere to his resolution, but, finding his pretty large sums did not come in quite so quickly as he wished, he appoints an agent, sets him to work, and then applies to one of the leading members to be released from his agreement. This matter was laid before the Trustees, and their action was also withheld by him in his statement.

Since writing the above, I notice an article in the Philadelphia Press of June 15, 1876, saying two deaf-mutes were in that city soliciting for an "Industrial Home" for the benefit of New England exclusively. Should not New England be thoroughly canvassed first? I think it should, before intruding upon the ground of the "National Home," which is for the good of all, and which is already established and received with favor, as its donations and collections will show. I have said enough for the present.

JUSTICE.

—Remember the Festival at the M. E. Church, to-morrow (Friday) evening.

### Letter from A. W. Mann.

CINCINNATI, June 19, 1876.

FRIEND RIDER:—I held my first service in Cincinnati yesterday afternoon at St. John's Church, corner of Seventh and Plum streets. I felt much cheered by the large attendance and the interest shown in the present work. Nearly thirty were present, and had it not been for the somewhat threatening weather of the forenoon the number would have been much larger.

Last Friday, in company with John Barrick, Esq., the well-known deaf-mute engraver, I called on Prof. McGregor, the gentleman in charge of the Cincinnati deaf-mute day school. The call was a very pleasant one indeed. Mr. McGregor informed me that his pupils numbered at present eighteen, with a prospect of a large increase next Fall. He also informed me that he had recently been at the pains of finding out the number of deaf-mutes at present residing in Cincinnati, educated and uneducated, and finds it to be about one hundred.

The school closes for the annual vacation this week, and arrangements have been made for a picnic for the pupils in a pretty grove near the city, to which the entire deaf-mute population of Cincinnati, Covington and Newport are invited. May they all have an enjoyable time.

I expect to leave Cincinnati to-day for Indiana, and remain a few days before returning to Cleveland for a service on the 2d of next month.

Yours sincerely,  
A. W. MANN.

### New England Notes.

MARBLEHEAD, Mass., June 13, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I paid a visit to Lowell, Mass., the City of Spindles, for the purpose of attending the religious service of the Lowell Silent Union on the 11th inst. I had heard much of that Society and its workings, but I never had there since its formation. On Sunday afternoon I went to their chapel and found about 18 mutes present. The chapel is very nice and pleasant. Prof. Job Turner, late teacher at Staunton, V. Va., conducted the service. In the evening there was a Bible class in the house of Henry Harrington, a brother of my wife. I was much surprised; they everyone stood up, and each explained texts from the New Testament, which were given to them the previous Sunday to study during the week. I must say much praise is due to them for their attempt to improve their minds. I heartily joined with them, and Mr. Turner led the class quite successfully. After the exercise had been gone through, I was invited to give an address, which I did for half an hour, relating to the afflictions people were to bear, and the wisdom of God in all things; and they should not complain, but be submissive to his will, and they should not forget the many blessings they have received. On the effect and influence of bad habits I gave two illustrations, and they seemed to relish my remarks well.

The Lowell deaf-mutes ought to be proud. There is not one among them needing help, for they all have employment in the mills, and are well off and making money.

The only deaf family who owns a house there is that of Peletiah I. Wright. He and his prudent wife had accumulated money by steady industry, and in the end purchased a house in the suburbs of the city.

### THE TALL POT(Y)LARS.

Isaac N. Soper is employed by the Lowell Machine Shop. He is said to be a very skillful pattern maker, and can hardly be spared by the proprietors of the mill. He is a leader now of the Silent Union, and I hope he will manage things right, and be very successful. His brother and sister and himself are tall and slender but graceful in their manners, so I call them the poplar trees in sport.

You know Henry Harrington. He is getting feeble in health, and it is thought he has overworked himself. I hope he will soon leave off work, and have a long rest in which to recuperate his health. He has a nice little girl. There are others among the deaf-mutes to be much praised for their industrious habits, temperance and good manners, and I could not help feeling charmed with their company, and the pleasant conversations I had with them. I had it from some source that they strongly opposed the Industrial Home plan, but the report was not true. There was some difference of opinion, but I gave them a full explanation of the plan, which was very different from their ideas and now they seem to think favorably of it, and intend to go to the meeting again and give them some more of my experience and tell them more about the project.

Little Miss Barnard, plump and sweet, she took pride in saying she runs three looms, and is making money. I will tell a little story of her with which I had something to do. I remember, just after she had left school, she was put too closely to work for a family by her *one-armed* guardian, a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. She was given a pension by her father, who died during the War of the Rebellion. This guardian was rather a hard-looking man, and she was not allowed to go out and visit deaf-mutes nor attend Sunday service, and she was very lonesome. I had heard of it, and paid the guardian a visit, and threatened to take her away if he did not treat her better and let her have freedom to go out. I also visited the officers of the Grand Army in Lowell about the matter, and now she has more liberty than she had, and enjoys herself much, and is trying to make a lady of herself. She received a pension till she became of age, when it stopped.

W. B. S.

—The West Monroe cheese factory was burned, recently, together with over 100 cheese.

### Who Robbed Levi Jack?

BELFAST, Maine, June 20th, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I would like to be informed, through the JOURNAL, where, when and by whom Levi Jack was robbed of five hundred dollars more or less. Mr. Jack was once an inmate of the Dixmont (Maine) Almshouse, which he twice burnt down, and in one of which fires an aged woman was burned to death.

Yours respectfully,  
C. AUG. BROWN.

### Letter from A. V. Bergquist.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., June 19, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I think I like to work for Wm. Broadhead & Sons, because I like my friends in Jamestown, but I should not be very happy to receive as little as \$7.00 a week for work. I am running a sewing machine ten hours every day and get fifteen cents half an hour—\$7.00 a week for eight hours. One lady is running a machine ten hours a day for five days in the week and nine hours on Saturdays, and gets eight dollars a week for her work. I would like to find employment with some one else, so that I can earn more. I would like to talk with him by signs, such as Dr. I. L. Peet uses at the New York Deaf-mute Institution. I am handy at repairing clothing. After supper I stay in my room to read and write. Every Sunday noon I attend the Sunday-school at the M. E. church.

Respectfully yours,  
A. V. BERGQUIST.

[Our correspondent, Mr. Bergquist, evidently has some cause for complaint at the low price paid for his labor allowing that he is a skillful and expeditious workman; but we advise him to stick to his post and wait patiently for better times. As low as are his present wages they will compare favorably with those of tens of thousands of other laborers. Toil on cheerfully and faithfully, and with the return of better times and higher wages you will no doubt receive better compensation for your services. While our sympathies are practically in favor of the laboring classes and we advocate the principle that all labor should receive proper reward, we still counsel all to hold on to their present positions until they are sure of better remuneration.—ED. JOURNAL.]

### A Deaf and Dumb Drunken Loafers.

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., June 16, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have an opportunity to write to you about a deaf-mute. He was educated at the Illinois Institution. He left there in 1859. He is traveling in different parts of the country to make a living. When he stopped at the depot at Marshalltown, he asked the baggage master a question. While he was talking to him another man called me and asked me to look out for the deaf-mute. I went and saw him, and asked him if he was deaf and dumb. He answered in the affirmative. I smelled whiskey in his breath. I asked him what he wanted to come to Marshalltown for. He said he came to Marshalltown to get some money. He went into many saloons, stores and houses to get money. He is showing a dancing doll for a living. I send you a note on which he wrote something, which is as follows: "I am deaf and dumb and crippled for life. I have been sick for 15 months, and invented and made a dancing doll with my hard labor, to give you the amusements of seeing the dancing, to show it to make a living; and I am unable to get work."

"Please give me some money to make a good living."

### "CHECK KELLOGG."

He drinks too much beer and whiskey. He is going to stay at Marshalltown for some days, to get more money, but he is foolish to spend it for whiskey. He is in the bad habit of drinking liquors. He dresses shabbily, walks awkwardly, and is always drunk. He worships his dancing doll like a little child. His name is Check Kellogg, and his age is 36 years. Though he is too old for such a little, foolish business, he likes to show the dancing doll. He seems to be ashamed of the deaf-mutes. Some people don't like to see him because he is a drunken loafer. He confessed to me all his bad manners in the country while drunk. His mind is weak. I laughed at him for talking so much nonsense.

K. C. M.

### The Deaf-mute known as Gen. Burnside.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—There is a deaf-mute living in this town who is a shoe finisher. He is tall, large and very muscular, and would make a good policeman, if he could hear and speak. We call him Gen. Burnside, for he has nearly the appearance of the General. He wears a well trimmed beard and moustache. He played on a joke a few days ago. The idea struck him of making another man of himself, and defacing the likeness of Burnside by shaving his face smooth. At evening, when it was a little dark, he changed the shape of his hat and sent John Buttrick ahead to announce the arrival in town of a deaf-mute stranger, who would be happy to make the acquaintance of all. Mrs. Bowden, who was taking a nap, was awakened. With a low bow she shook hands with him, and would have begun to converse when she discovered he was no other than *Ira Poland* the Gen. Burnside. This caused a good deal of merriment. He came to my house, and I, being dim of sight, was worse fooled than all the others. I thought he was a genuine farmer, a "green un" from the country, and was making myself agreeable to him, when I found out the joke. W. B. S. Marblehead, Mass.

—Rev. Mr. Chester, of Geneva, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church very acceptably last Sunday, preaching morning and evening.

### Robert Crawford.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have received inquiry as to whether I still employ Robert Crawford, my old and good book agent. I would say that I dismissed him promptly on hearing he had fallen to drinking, and was put in the lock-up. He had done well for me, and it was with much regret I was obliged to lose his services.

He confessed to me he was led into temptation by some deaf-mutes in New York city. I learn he has gone back to Scotland from where he came. I have also dismissed another of my agents. I will keep no one who drinks, or who does not give a good account of himself.

WM. B. SWETT.

### A Letter from Iowa.

IOWA CITY, Ia., June 17, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have been thinking of writing something for your valuable paper. To-day being rainy, I have an opportunity for writing. I think the JOURNAL is the best paper in the world for the deaf and dumb, as it gives more deaf-mute news than any other paper, besides much other general good reading, interesting for both mutes and hearing people.

As there may be some mutes in the East out of work, I would like to inquire why they don't come West. But if they are not industrious I would not advise such to come. I have two hired hands at present, and they give entire satisfaction.

Mr. Isaac Kaufmann, formerly a student of the National Deaf-mute College, opened a new cigar shop with his nephew, at Milton, a thriving town. I met him at Iowa city, where he stopped and sold \$27.50 worth of cigars in two or three hours. He seems to be doing a good business.

I wish to call the attention of deaf-mutes to what I have to say about paying or working out road taxes. One road supervisor came here last week and wanted me to work on the road this week. Being told that I would not do so, he insisted upon my complying with his order. I propounded to him this question: If deaf-mutes could not be enlisted as soldiers during the war of the Rebellion, why should they be compelled to work on the road? He could not reply to my question, and concluded to exempt me from Highway taxes. The law requires every able-bodied man to either work on the road or pay the commutation taxes in lieu thereof. The query is if deaf-mutes are able-bodied enough to work on the roads, why are they not enough so for soldiers. But if a deaf-mute is a freeholder, he must pay or work out his road taxes in the fall. I know one deaf-mute, living about thirty miles from here, who is not required to work nor pay road taxes.

I think Mr. "For the Truth" is mistaken about the deaf-mute teachers being incapable of teaching. I can show him two classes now in Council Bluffs that were placed under the care of two teachers, one a deaf-mute, the other a speaking teacher. The brightest class was given to the hearing teacher and the dull class of pupils to the deaf-mute. After one or two years' instruction the dull class came out bright and ahead of the other. I know another class belonging to a deaf-mute teacher that beats the higher class of a hearing teacher. I can boldly assert that the deaf-mute labors harder for the advancement of his class than the speaking teacher.

George Huston, a former pupil of the Iowa Institution for Deaf-mutes, was sent to jail for fighting with another man in a dispute about the rent of a building. He stabbed the man in the side with a knife.

Another old pupil is now an inmate of the Lunatic Asylum. The cause of his insanity is unknown.

A few weeks ago I received notice from a man claiming that sixty acres of mining land was sold to him by the county treasurer for non-payment of taxes in 1858, and asking for my foreclosure on it, threatening default judgment against me unless I should appear at court in defence before the fifth of June. But I did not attend to it, nor give the matter any concern, as the notice was not legal. Now, that the fifth of June is past, and nothing happened, it is clear that the man was attempting to blackmail me, to obtain money falsely.

JOHN C. HUMMER.

[We take the liberty to disagree with our correspondent above, on the subject of deaf-mutes being exempt from highway taxes. We are no lawyer, but reason itself teaches that the fact of deaf-mutes being excused from military duty by reason of the absence of the faculties of hearing and speaking affords no reason why they should be exempt from road taxes. If they are exempt from such taxes, why should they not be excused from paying any taxes? Certainly all will concede that to exempt them from the payment of all taxes would be a very unjust discrimination. If, in common with other people, their property is subject to taxation, then there seems to be no valid reason why they should be excused from paying or working property and poll taxes for the improvement of the public roads. Do not deaf-mutes claim and possess the privilege of using the public roads the same as other persons? If such is the case, it is right and fair that they should be willing to be taxed for their benefit. What construction Iowa Road Supervisors may put upon the technicalities of the law in regard to highway taxes we know not. We do know that in this section of New York, at least, deaf-mute men either pay or work their road taxes the same as other inhabitants, and have never desired to question the right of the authorities to compel them to do so. As a principle of right, it is hoped that no deaf-mute possessed of the physical ability for working will try to shirk the duty of bearing the little burdens of life in common with other American citizens.—[ED. JOURNAL.]

### CENTENNIAL LETTER.

*This "Rush" has Commenced—Over a Million and a Half of People so far—Something about the Foreigners—The Lighthouse and the Fog-horn—Agricultural Hall.*

(From our regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, June 26, 1876.

The great "rush" which has been predicted all along appears to have really begun. Anywhere from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand people can distribute themselves about the grounds without ever running against one another or giving the appearance of a crowd, yet daily frequenter of the spot readily notice a thicker dotting of the landscape, such as has appeared for the past four days. The great number of new faces one meets, too, is another indication of what the gate receipts positively prove—that the attendance now is fully three times what it was three weeks ago. Up to Thursday evening over one million and a half of people have entered through the gates, and the cry is "still they come."

And all these are not "home folks." The proportion of foreign visitors is not very large as yet, though there is quite a sprinkling of costumes and faces that are easily recognized as non-American. There is the picturesque attire of the Turk, and unique dress of the almond-eyed Chinaman. These Chinese seen here are of the higher class, who dress rather differently from the shiny sack and sabots of Ah Sin, so familiar in most of our cities, now-a-days. These national costumes would perhaps be still more commonly seen if it were not for the extremely rude staring they are subjected to by the curious eye of the vulgar. That enterprising and sensitive people, the Japanese, for instance, have donned the American fashions from plug hats to patent leather boots, and from a rear elevation would be mistaken for genuine Americans. This vulgar curiosity has prevented a great many foreigners from appearing in their national dress, and as a consequence the grounds do not present that picturesque appearance they should. Next week I shall give some idea of the curious and interesting exhibits of these countries in the main building.

At the northeast corner of the Government Building a force of workmen is now engaged in putting up an iron lighthouse, which, when finished, will fully illustrate the provisions made by the Government for protecting the lives and property of all who brave the dangers of the deep. The base of this structure is of wood, but will be painted to represent stone. To this the iron flangs of the superstructure are bolted, and above this is a high iron cylinder 18 feet in diameter, the whole being capped by an ornamental tower. In the center of this elevation is a place for a revolving or flash light of the fourth grade, and over one of the dormer windows (quite as ornamental as they are useful) is to be placed a fog bell weighing 4500 pounds. Both of these signals are operated by clock-work, which delicate yet massive piece of mechanism derives its power from a weight of over 300 pounds, and by a simple change of motion is made to revolve the light or strike the fog bell at the intervals required. The clock-work exhibited is intended to strike first, three times, then twice, and so on. This is the signal adopted for one of the shoals on Long Island, to which the lighthouse now on the grounds is to be removed after the Exhibition. Near this new attraction is the fog-siren, whose very unearthly roar has so often startled visitors to the Exhibition. This ear-splitting instrument is little more than a very much elongated horn blown by steam, and yet it has been heard at a distance of 35 miles. The fog-horn is located a short distance from the Ohio State Building, and some wag has remarked that this is very appropriate. As it requires the use of fresh water to generate its tremendous lung-power, it can only be used at inland points, but even when placed some distance from the head-land it has been found very effective.

Agricultural Hall, which has been the most backward of the large buildings, presents an infinite variety of attractions to all who are engaged or interested in agricultural affairs or machinery. Within the past few days the machinery has been put in motion to a great extent, and visitors can now see the manner in which they work. More especially is this the case with the many different makes of mowers and reapers. Some of these latter machines are remarkable specimens of workmanship, and afford a fine study for those who delight in mechanics to follow out the apparently complex workings of the various parts, which have in some cases taken years to elaborate and bring to their present state of perfection. The plough, also, which we may call the initial machine in agriculture, shows the immense strides that have been made within the past thirty years. On one hand is the huge, clumsy machine, said to have been used by Daniel Webster, and along side of it the beautiful, finished gang plow, with all its aids and accessories. Among the rest is a Rock and Stump Extractor, a very simple yet extremely powerful machine, less known on western prairies than in the rugged timber growing sections. As showing the immense multiplication of power as applied to mechanics, it may be stated that twenty pounds on the end of the lever by which this machine is operated represents a ton. So light and simple is this machine that a boy of eighteen can set it up, carry it from stump to stump and pull out any rock that four men can remove, place it on the stone-boat and take it off without lifting or digging, in from five to fifteen minutes. In the olden time stumps were a serious obstruction to the cultivation of new ground and could only be removed by patient and long-continued labor or blasted out with powder.

Among the numerous routes by which Centennial travel reaches this city little attention has been paid to those by sea, which are coming to form an important item in the arrival of visitors from the seaboard cities of the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida. These visitors come and bring with them their provisions, home, and servants; they charter steamers for a round trip, embracing state-rooms, fare, and board. Several of these have already arrived, chiefly from the Eastern States, and remain a week or more in dock at the wharves, where their passengers repair to their lodgings and for their meals. The steamer Empire State, formerly of the Boston and New York line of steamships, is now in port, on her first of a series of trips from Providence, R. I., bringing with her a full complement of passengers. She is to make these trips in ten days, six here and four in coming and going, for which \$40 is charged, including three meals per day.

### PALERMO.

MR. EDITOR:—It being Saturday afternoon and the week's work done, permit me to report for this town, telling you what has been and is still being accomplished in the way of farming, horse trading, &c.

Farmers are progressing finely with their hoeing, and crops look well. In some places the potato bugs were quite numerous, but of late are diminishing, so that we may have a fair crop of "Irish apples." The hay crop will probably be more than the average, the late heavy rains having given the grass a thorough start, so that it can not suffer much for want of moisture before laying.

Some of the good people of the town have been trading horses, and another replevin suit is "in tow," which bids fair to be quite interesting. It seems that a Vermilion man swapped horses with a Volney chap, and afterwards claimed that the trade was a "sham," for which reason he is bound to get his horse back. He at first, it is said, tried a bogus mortgage to fetch the animal, but that didn't exactly work. The next thing in order was some replevin papers from Dr. Forsyth, Esq., which brought things "ship shape." Next week the matter will probably be investigated, if the Dr. and two lawyers can analyze it. One party, it is understood, claims a sham, and the other a square trade.

The above reminds me of the famous Hall vs. Keller suit, which has just terminated, being about as follows: About one year ago, Hall bought a horse of Keller, and gave his note therefor. Awhile after, Keller mistrusted the note was not good, and in due time replevied the horse for \$150 or thereabouts. Constable Bowen, of North Volney, took the horse, and finally let Keller have it to keep until the trial. It was found out that proceedings were not legal, and therefore the matter was dropped, Keller keeping the horse. Hall then sued the constable in the Supreme Court, and obtained a judgment against him of \$125 and costs. He afterwards sued Keller on the bond, which was referred to Judge Foster, and it is said has been decided in favor of Hall for \$140 and costs. Quite a horse scrape that! If the Vermilion trade of recent date "follows suit" it will become of some consequence to somebody, if to no one but lawyers. Some people seem to think horse trading is good business; perhaps it is if well followed.

Your North Volney correspondent, in your paper of June 8th, says that he had received a letter asking why he did not give his real name instead of only "Even." This being my first from this town to you, Mr. Editor, it will be appropriate if I subscribe myself

Palermo, N. Y., June 24th, 1876.

### A Child's Morning Prayer.

MR. EDITOR: A call in the New York Evening Post for a short prayer for children to correspond to the evening petition, "Now I lay me down to sleep," has brought out several, from which I select two very good ones. Thinking some of your little readers may have felt the want of such a prayer, I send them to you.

The first one would not be amiss from the heart and lips of all of us "children of larger growth," as we open our eyes each morning to the day before us:

NO, ONE.

As I begin another day,  
I pray the Lord to guard my way,  
In all I do before the night,  
I pray the Lord to guide me right.

NO, TWO.

Now I wake and see the light,  
'Tis God has kept me through the night,  
To Him I lift my heart and pray  
That He would keep me through the day.  
And should I die before Thy dawn,  
Accept me Lord, for Thy dear son.

A MOTHER.

—We are very glad to learn that Mr. E. L. Huntington, who was taken very ill last Monday night, is considerably better.

—The Palaski Democrat says: The members of the Mexico Helicon Band are nicely uniformed and have a magnificent set of German silver instruments, costing five hundred dollars. This band will play in Palaski on the Fourth. "All are cordially invited to attend."

—There will be no formal celebration of the Fourth in this village. Some will go to Oswego, some to Parish and Palaski, and it may be some will lie in bed and sing "Glory, hallelujah!" It has been suggested that all our citizens meet on Main St. at 4 a. m., and sing America.

—The stockholders of the Oswego starch factory have elected the following trustees: Dr. S. Willard, Nelson Beardsley, A. G. Beardsley, Thomson Kingsford, Theodore M. Pomeroy, E. B. Morgan, Wm. Allen, Wm. H. Seward, Jr., H. C. Merriam.



## Literary Notices.

SCRIBNER'S for July, though not entirely given over to Centennial topics, contains much that will just now be of peculiar interest to the American people. The accounts of the signing of the Declaration (even those by the signers themselves) are very conflicting, and Col Higginson's "Story of the Signing," in this number, is a concise and reliable review of the subject. The illustrations of this paper are quite striking. Recent research has shown that some of our most orthodox and cherished legends of the Declaration will not do "to tie to." But, if we must give up the "Ring! Grandpa!" story, as Col. Higginson seems to think, we shall find, by way of compensation, plenty of authentic legends about Washington in the next paper: "A Little Centennial Lady," by Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison—a delightful, illustrated sketch of Sally Fairfax, Gen. Washington's pet and friend. This is a rare piece of magazine writing, and embodies portions of Sally's journal, written in the quaintest of language. Miss Jane Stuart writes racy of her father's celebrated portraits of Washington, and gives new anecdotes of both painter and president. Accompanying this is an engraving of Stuart's portrait, from the original in the Boston Athenaeum. In a paper on "Harvard University," by Mr. H. E. Sender, there are other glimpses in type and picture of Revolutionary times and people, including the Washington Elm and Washington (Longfellow's) House. This is pronounced the best popular review of the University that has ever appeared.

ST. NICHOLAS for July, makes a feature of the national holiday. Its tribute to it includes several contributions—stories and sketches, poems and pictures, puzzles and paragraphs. All the American flags of history, from the "Rattle-snake" and the "Palmetto" of 1775 to the Stars and Stripes of the present, wave out at us from two of the pages; the "Boston Boys" who gained their right to the "Common" are remembered in a poem and shown in a drawing; and on the "Centennial Page" the events of the Centennial that are most worthy of record are duly recorded, and some of them pictured. The whole number is spicy.

THE NATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER for July has come to hand, and is full of interest and instruction. Its contents are as follows: The House of Jehovah, by Prof. E. C. Mitchell, D. D.; The Praises of Zion, by Rev. J. C. Taylor; Solomon, the Peaceful, by Prof. S. C. Bartlett, D. D.; Lessons in Chronicles and Kings, by the Editor; "David's Charge to Solomon," "Solomon's Choice," "Solomon's Temple," "The Temple Dedicated," "Solomon's Prayer," Editorial Miscellany; Sunday-school Gleanings; Sunday-school Work; Literature. Send for a copy of this valuable magazine. Address Adams, Blackmer, & Lyon Pub. Co., 147 & 149 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THE NURSERY.—We wish to commend to our readers, especially such of them as have children, *The Nursery*, a neat little magazine for the very youngest readers. It is admirably adapted to its purpose, and certainly meets a want which no other magazine supplies. The July number is now out. It is published by John L. Sherry, No. 35 Bromfield St., Boston.

The Lakeside Library furnishes its readers with the celebrated work of Charles Reade, entitled "Griffith Gaunt," and "Tom Brown of Oxford," by Thomas Hughes. The former is complete in one number, and sold for ten cents. The latter is contained complete in a double number at a cost of twenty cents. It is not to be wondered at that the Lakeside Library is meeting with the success it does, when it furnishes the writings of the most popular authors at such a trifling expense to its patrons. Standard works are produced in fine typographical style and profusely illustrated, for ten and twenty cents which cannot be obtained elsewhere for less than fifty or seventy-five cents. They are in form suitable for binding, and will form a finer volume than the original issues. Donnelly, Loyd & Co., Chicago, are the publishers. For sale by L. L. Virgil.

We have received from Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents of New York, a pamphlet entitled "Centennial Newspaper Exhibition of 1876." It is a very valuable work for reference, containing a complete list of American newspapers, together with a statement of the industries, characteristics, population and location of towns in which they are published, and also contains a descriptive account of some of the great newspapers of the day. The compiling of this work required an immense amount of labor and research, and as a statistical record is as valuable to the general public as to the printing profession.

## Information Wanted.

NEWARK, N. Y., June 13, 1876.  
MR. HUMPHRIES:—I learn that Rev. Mr. Marvin, who was once pastor of the Presbyterian church on "Pratham Hill," is probably still living. May I ask through your paper that any person knowing of his place of residence should inform me by mail. And also, any of your readers knowing of interesting facts in the history, especially the earlier history, of the old church, its people or pastors, will confer a service on many by sending a statement of them to me.

Yours very truly,  
A. PARKE BURGESS.

A forgerman of Warrington, England, lately sold his wife to a friend for half a gallon of ale. Number 2 was so delighted with his bargain that he stood another pint, and then the young wife, who was equally pleased with it, stood another half gallon.

DRESSING ON A WAGER.—A few days ago two girls, pupils of an Illinois seminary, were about leaving their room for church, when a dispute arose as to which had occupied the most time in dressing. The discussion waxed warm, a bet was made to be decided on the spot, and three other girls were called in as judges. The contestants removed all their clothing, and at the call of "time," sprang to the contest. For a few moments the air seemed filled with flying bits of feminine drapery, shoes, stockings, &c., and the winner was all "hooked up" and had her bonnet on in seven minutes and thirteen seconds, the other girl coming out less than half a minute behind.

The report that Barnum pays twenty-five cents apiece for cats with which to feed his animals has reached New Bedford, and an enterprising youngster has twenty-five felines carefully caged in a dry goods box, and anxiously awaits the coming of the great showman.

You had better send a son unarmed and helpless into a wilderness of ferocious wild animals than into the world without education.

An invalid son of Baelus was about to undergo an operation for dropsy at the hands of his physicians.

"Oh, father, father!" screamed a son of the patient, who was looking on, "do anything else, but don't let them tap you."

"But Sammy," said the father, "it will do me good, and I shall live many a year after to make you happy."

"No, father, you won't. There never was anything tapped in this house that lasted longer than a week."

Ex-Mayor Eastman, of Poughkeepsie, has given 500 of the street boys of that city a straw hat each with this advice pasted inside the crown: "Don't drink, don't swear, don't chew, don't smoke. Be industrious, work hard, study hard, play hard, and you will never be hatless! With the best wishes for your future welfare."

AN UNDERSTANDING.—A few mornings ago, after an old lady had taken her seat in the train going west a young man came along and inquired if he could have part of the seat.

"I guess you can," she replied, "but you want to understand me first. No chewing tobacco, no swearing, and no soft-soaping around so's to get a chance to pick my pocket."

## A Desirable Business Opportunity.

A large and well-known New York house, about to establish an agency in this town and county, require the services of an active and reliable man or woman. The compensation will be liberal, while little or no capital is required. Only an energetic and trustworthy person will be accepted. Write to G. S. Halbert, P. O. Box 5629, N. Y. City, for full particulars. 34-2w.

The public will facilitate the work of the committee on securing the residences of the graduates and former pupils of Mexico Academy if every one having any circular or any information will be so kind as to give any member of the committee the benefit of such information through the Post-office or otherwise.

S. H. STONE,  
C. H. GOODWIN,  
C. E. HAVENS.

A printer invariably gets out of sorts when he reaches the bottom of his case.

The best penance we can do for envying another's merit is to endeavor to surpass it.

If motives were always visible, men would often blush for their most brilliant actions.

Beauty and death make each other soon purer and lovelier, like snow and moonlight.

There are a great many fool-killers in the world. Every fellow that commits suicide is one.

It is astonishing how keen, even stupid, people are in discovering imaginary affronts.

It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit; for how can he love ten thousand men who never loved one?

THERE IS NOTHING MYSTERIOUS about the disappearance from the skin of eruptions, burns, scalds, bruises, ulcers and sores through the influence of GREEN'S SULPHUR SOAP. Sulphur is a potent purifier and healer of the skin, and is most beneficially utilized in this form.

## You Have no Excuse.

Have you any excuse for suffering with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint? Is there any reason why you should go from day to day complaining with sour stomach, sick headache, habitual constiveness, palpitation of the heart, heartburn, water-brash, gnawing and burning pains at the pit of the stomach, yellow skin, coated tongue and disagreeable taste in the mouth, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c? No! It is positively your own fault if you do. Go to your Druggist, John C. Taylor, and get a bottle of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER. For 75 cents your cure is certain, but if you doubt this, get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. W. C. Peck, Carrie, and Mrs. L. E. Alfred started for the West last Thursday in the Lawrence. May they enjoy their trip and be benefited by it.

## PARISH.

Last Thursday evening about 11 o'clock, the wagon and blacksmith shop of Jerry Foley was consumed by fire. The cause of the fire is unaccounted for. Some half a dozen buggies were burned; likewise many tools. There is considerable loss. There is an insurance on the building and contents. Mr. Foley was absent at the Centennial at Philadelphia. Friday morning his dwelling house came very near burning. This was a strange occurrence, unaccounted for. This is the second time within two years that Mr. Foley's shop has burned. The loss is very severe on both Mr. Foley and the community.

We had a very pleasant time at the Oswego County Council, Patrons of Husbandry, at New Haven, last Tuesday. The people of New Haven are a generous and noble-hearted people, and we found it especially so at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Barker, where we stopped. They attend the Grange and read the INDEPENDENT, which has a tendency to promote these good qualities. A feeling of sorrow and sadness pervades their hearts on account of a bright child of theirs who has passed on before to the realms of pure delight. They, as all parents do, wanted to retain it here a little longer. The resolutions adopted by the Council may not suit the politicians for they speak out plainly that the next Congressman belongs to the farmer, but the politicians, for their own good, should heed the wishes of the farmers. There seems to be a disposition among them to look after their own interests, regardless of party machinery.

Our Teachers' Association was quite pleasant here—a goodly number were present. Rev. W. H. Hall, the lecturer, was not present on Friday evening. There were addresses by several gentlemen. The topic that excited the most interest that evening was: should the Bible be a text book in our schools? It was affirmed there was a contest over the right of the Bible being in the common schools. We regret there should be any such contest, and we also regret that any issue is made in regard to sectarian or anti-sectarian schools in political platforms. The Bible can now be read and religious devotions held out of school hours, and this is conceded by nearly all.

Why ask more? The essay of Miss Rosa Strickland was replete with interest, as all essays are that come from her pen. The address of Com. Berry was full of sound advice, not only to teachers but to parents. He hoped that in this Centennial year a new impulse would be given to education, and that it might be more general and more thorough. The little mathematical class of Miss Morse, of Central Square, brought down the house. Older people had to concede that mathematics had improved much of late years.

Parish, June 16, 1876.

## Death of John M. Richardson.

John M. Richardson was born in Whitestown, Oneida county, Aug. 12, 1798, and died in this village, June 15, 1876, at the age of nearly 78 years.

Mr. Richardson moved into the town of Mexico at the early age of six years, and resided here till the date of his death, a period of nearly 72 years. At the time of his death he had lived in this town the longest of any of the old inhabitants. He had represented the county in the Assembly, and had served seven or eight terms as Supervisor, as well as filled minor town offices. He brought to the administration of his official duties a naturally active mind, rendered more acute by his early being obliged to take care of himself. He was emphatically a self-made man. His early advantages were scant, and that, with his few early opportunities for education and culture, he should have become a man of such general information and intelligence, is but another proof that man is the architect of his own fortune, and can make himself what he will.

Hospitable, genial, and kindly, it was his delight to gather about him a little knot of children or grandchildren and tell them stories of his pioneer life and reminiscences of the war of 1812.

In Mr. Richardson's death is lost a good citizen, a kind and indulgent parent, and a true friend and neighbor. Another of the noble pioneers has gone to his long rest. Some of us, who sit around our cozy hearths to-day, little realize how much we are indebted to those early pioneers of civilization. Let us cherish their memory in our hearts, for to them, under God's blessing, we owe all that we have of morality, intelligence, culture and Christianity; and as they go to enjoy the "great rest" that remaineth," may we, their descendants, copy their virtues and drop the mantle of charity over their faults.

A few weeks ago Mr. Richardson, who had spent the winter at Colosse, came to Mexico to visit his daughter, (Mrs. E. D. Galt), and to be where he could receive better medical attendance. Soon after his arrival, his disease took a more violent hold upon him, and neither the skill of physicians nor the ministrations of devoted children and friends could stay the ravages of disease. Everything was done that could be, and his passage to the tomb was smoothed and lightened by the tender love of children and friends. His death was a peaceful falling asleep.

His funeral took place at the residence of his son-in-law (Mr. E. D. Galt), on Sunday last. A large company of mourning relatives and friends assembled to do honor to his remains. The casket in which the remains were placed was unique and beautiful, and adorned with choice flowers, &c., among which we noticed a cross of white roses and a wreath of white flowers. Revs. S. P. Gray and J. P. Stratton conducted the exercises at the house, after which mourning friends followed his body to the cemetery, where it was placed beside that of his dearly-loved wife, who preceded him to the better land. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." Com.

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Corsets.  
Ladies, we wish to call your attention to a new and beautiful Patent Seamless Double Steel Corset. The patent consists in the stitching of a pocket over each strap and the insertion therein of an elastic steel. When applied in such manner it adds the strength of two and possesses the elasticity of one, effectually preventing the breaking of the under steel. They are nice-fitting, and the steels are warranted not to break. 28

STONE, ROBINSON & CO.

## Real Estate Sales.

Wm. C. Pierrepont to Betsey Damon, land in Orwell, \$700. Oct., 1854.

Charles L. Dennis to Aaron G. Dennis, land in Mexico, \$1. July, 1876.

William Streator to Samuel Ingraham, land in Redfield, \$415. May, 1874.

Geo. W. Nelson to Peter Hillon, land in Orwell, \$700. May, 1876.

Susan H. Dennis to Sidney Henderson, land in Parish, \$400, June, 1876.

Sidney Henderson to Susan Dennis, land in Parish, \$1,900. June, 1876.

All you who think of buying a carriage, buggy or wagon, be sure and go to Geo. Peasfield's, and see his stock and learn his prices before purchasing elsewhere. You will be surprised to learn how low his prices are. Just give him a call.

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History of the United States of America, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 423. Price \$1.50.

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Manual of Chemistry, by Dudley Peet, M. D. Pp. 125. Price 75 cents.

Manual of Vegetable Physiology, by Isaac Lewis Peet, LL. D. Pp. 42. Price 25 cents.

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Designed to introduce young learners, deaf-mutes, and foreigners to a correct understanding and use of the English language. It is believed that this book will meet a want long felt, as the directions for use are so minute that any one, even without previous familiarity with the instruction of deaf-mutes, may with the aid satisfactorily carry forward their education. It is therefore adapted for home instruction as well as for use in the class-room. In the latter it is admirably fitted to serve as a standard of attainment and a means of securing uniformity of method, thus rendering classification easier, and obviating the injury which often arises from transferring a pupil from one teacher to another. By its means the education of a deaf-mute can be successfully commenced at a very early age. In order to employ it to advantage it is not necessary to forego the use of other text-books, but it will, it is thought, supply many deficiencies, and moreover form in the pupil the habit of thinking in language.

With this view it need not be confined to elementary classes, as all the pupils in an institution would derive a benefit from going through the exercises.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In pursuance of an order of F. W. Skinner, Surrogate of Oswego County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Morris S. Kimball, late of the town of Volney, in said county, deceased, to present their accounts, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at her residence in said town, on or before the twenty-second day of November, 1876, or they will lose the benefit of the statute in such case made and provided.—Dated May 22, 1876.

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